

1700 MS  
Poetæ Britannici

A *begin here*

P O E M,

*Satyrical and Panegyrical.*

---

*Primum ego me illorum dederim quibus esse Poetas  
Excerptum numero.—*

---

*Cui Mens divinior atq; Os  
Magna locutorum, des Nominibusque bonorum.*  
Hor.

---

L O N D O N,

Printed for *A. Roper* at the *Black-Boy*, and *R.  
Basset* at the *Mitre*, both in *Fleetstreet*; and  
Sold by *Mr. Jefferies* Bookseller in *Cambridge*,  
MDCC.



To his Friend, on the following

POEM.

**O**thers their praise may gratefully bestow,  
And pay that Debt, which they to merit owe:  
But I'm indebted on a double Score,  
Much for your Verse, but for your Friendship more:  
And who an equal recompence can tell,  
For one who sings, and one who loves so well?  
To praise your Verse, is what the most will do,  
I would do something more, in praising you;  
Not, how the Poet's for his Verse admir'd,  
But how good Nature makes the Man desir'd.  
And yet the Task's so great to praise a Friend,  
That I much rather would your Verse commend.  
I would indeed; but something in your Lines  
So strange, so dazling, so peculiar Shines,  
That loud-tongu'd praise must here be at a stand,  
And Silent wonder only must commend.  
Thus mighty Joy is by excess conceal'd,  
Yet Shakes the breast, and fain would be reveal'd:  
Intranc'd in extasy, unmov'd it lies,  
The weight too heavy, and it cannot rise.

W. DOVE

To



To my Friend on his Characters of the English  
POETS.

**A**T last our English Tongue is happy made,  
And our Wit's grown industrious as our Trade;  
The Reverend Prophet now with joy may see,  
The utmost of his wish fullfill'd in Thee,  
All Foreign Wit in English dress display'd,  
Without the help of any Foreign Aid:

Whatever Ancient Greece or Rome could Boast,  
Is now Transported to the British Coast:

Now all their bright perfections scatter'd shine  
In ev'ry Poem, but Unite in Thine;

So the Sun yeilds a double Heat and Light,  
When in a Glass his scatter'd Beams Unite:

Mæson's Great Son, no longer shall confine,  
To his fam'd Verse the force of Heat Divine:

Our Godlike Milton has as Nobly Wrote,  
He Sings as boldly as his Angels fought!

Judicious Dryden, may with Virgil claim,  
Of just, yet daring flights, the prudent Fame:

Waller in Verse as Tender as his Love,  
Like soft Catullus, does our passions move:

To Horace and to Cowly does belong,  
The Boundless Fancy of the Lyrick Song;

Bion and Congreve, shall in Mournful Swains,  
Lament Untimely Fate to Weeping strains:

Brave Cutar, like Tyrtæus, shall Engage  
The Heroe's Courage, and the Poets Rage.

Oldham and Juvenal in keenest Rhimes,  
Shall lash the Follies of Degenerate Times.

Whither does Fancy hurry me along?

To you ( my Friend ) this Province does belong.

Your Copious Wit can only theirs express,  
For only Yours can Suit an equal dress.

Your flowing Numbers can alone dispense,  
The warmest Fancy with the coolest sense.

Your heat of Youth can Tow'r a Milton's flight,  
And Judgment can like Virgil steer it Right.

Oh may some Genius like your self arise,

Whose Wit and Learning may the World Surprise!

As you have giv'n each Tuneful Bard his due,  
May he confer the same Reward on you.

W. Worts.

Poeta



## Poetæ Britannici

## P O E M.

**S**URE, when the Maker in his Heav'nly Breast  
 Design'd a Creature to command the rest;  
 Of all th' erected Progeny of Clay,  
 His Noblest Labour was his first Essay:  
 There shone th' Eternal Brightness, and a Mind  
 Proportion'd for the Father of Mankind.  
 The vigour of Omnipotence was seen  
 In his high Actions, and imperial Mien.  
 Inrich'd with Arts unstudy'd, and untaught,  
 With loftiness of Soul, and dignity of Thought;  
 To rule the World, and what he rul'd to Sing,  
 And beat once the Poet, and the King:  
 Whether his Learning with his Breath he drew,  
 And saw the depth of Nature at a view;  
 Or, new descending from th' Angelick Race,  
 Retain'd some Tincture of his native place.

Fine was the matter of that curious Frame,  
 Which lodg'd his Fiery Guest, and like the same;  
 Nor was a less resemblance in his Sense:  
 His Thoughts were lofty, just his Eloquence.

Till

B

When

When e're he spoke, from his Seraphick Tongue  
 Ten thousand comely Graces, ever young  
 With new *Calliope's* and *Clio's* sprung.

No shackling Rhyme chain'd the free Poets mind;  
 Majestick was his Style, and unconfin'd.

Vast was each Sentence, and each wondrous strain  
 Sprung forth, unlabour'd, from his fruitful Brain.

But when he yielded to deluding Charms,  
 Th' harmonious Goddess shunn'd his empty Arms.  
 The Muse no more his sacred Breast inspir'd,  
 But to the Skies, her ancient Seat, retir'd.

Yet here and there Coelestial Seeds she threw,  
 And rain'd melodious Blessings, as she flew.

Which some receiv'd, whom gracious Heaven design'd  
 For high Employments, and their Clay refin'd.

Who, of a Species more sublime can tame  
 The rushing God, and stem the rapid Flame.

When in their Breasts th' impetuous *Numen* rowls,  
 And with uncommon heaves swells their Diviner Souls.

Thus the Companion of the Godhead sung,  
 And wrote upon those Reeds from whence he sprung.

He, first of Poets, told how Infant light  
 Unknown before, dawn'd from the Womb of Night;

How Sin and Shame the Unhappy Couple knew,  
 And through affrighted *Eden*, more affrighted, flew.

How God advanc'd his Darling *Abraham's* fame  
 In the sure promise of his lengthen'd Name.

On *Horeb's* top, or *Sinai's* flaming Hill,  
 Familiar Heav'n reveal'd his sacred Will.

*Seth's* Column then firm and unshaken stood,  
 And long out-liv'd the malice of the Flood.

His Father's fall was Letter'd on the Stone;  
 Thence Arts, Inventions, Sciences were known.

Thence Divine *Moses* with exalted Thought  
 In *Hebrew* Lines the Worlds beginning wrote.

The Gift of Verse descended to the *Jews*,  
 Inspir'd with something nobler than a Muse.

Here *Deborah* in fiery Rapture sings  
 The rout of Armies, and the fall of Kings.

Thy

Thy Torrent *Kison* shall for ever flow,  
 Which trampled o'er the Dead, and swept away the Foe,  
 With Songs of Triumph, and the Maker's praise,  
 With sounding Numbers, and united lays  
 The Seed of *Judah* to the Battle flew,  
 And Orders of destroying Angels drew  
 To their Victorious side; who marching round  
 Their Foes touch'd *Myriads* at the Signal sound,  
 By Harmony they fell, and dy'd without a Wound.  
 So strong is Verse Divine, when we proclaim  
 Thy Power, eternal Light, and sing thy Name!  
 Nor does it here alone its *Magick* show,  
 But works in Hell, and binds the Fiends below.  
 So pow'rful is the Muse! when *David* plaid  
 The Frantick *Demon* heard him, and obey'd.  
 No noise, no hiss: the Dumb Apostate lay  
 Sunk in soft Silence, and dissolv'd away:

Nor was this Miracle of Verse confin'd  
 To *Jews* alone; for in a Heathen mind  
 Some strokes appear: thus *Orpheus* was inspir'd;  
 Inchanting Syrens at his Song retir'd:  
 To Rocks and Seas he the curst Maids pursu'd,  
 And their strong charms by stronger charms subdu'd.

But *Greece* was honour'd with a greater Name,  
*Homer* is *Greece's* Glory and her Shame.  
 How could Learned *Athens* with Contempt refuse  
 Th' Immortal Labours of so vast a Muse?  
 Thee, *Colophon*, his Angry Ghost upbraids,  
 While his loud numbers charm th' Infernal Shades,  
 Ungrateful Cities! which could vainly strive  
 For the dead *Homer*, whom they scorn'd alive.  
 So strangely wretched is the Poet's doom,  
 To wither here and flourish in the Tomb.  
 His Fame, when living, does but slowly rise,  
 But stretches like his Body, when he dies.  
 Though *Virgil* rising under happier Stars,  
 Saw *Rome* succeed in Learning, as in Wars.  
 When *Pollio* like a smiling Planet shone,  
 And *Cesar* darted on him like the Sun.



Dorset's  
Sackville

The fam'd *Mecenas* listen'd with desire,  
 When *Tuneful Flaccus* touch'd the *Roman Lyre*.  
 But when, *Mecenas*, will thy *Star* appear  
 In our low Orb, and gild the *British Sphere*?  
 Say, art thou come, and to deceive our Eyes,  
 Dissemble under *D-fers* fair disguise?  
 If so; go on, Great *S-ekv-le*, to regard  
 The Poet, and th' imploring Muse reward.  
 So to thy Fame a Pyramid shall rise,  
 Nor shall the Poet fix Thee in the Skies.  
 For if a Verse Eternity can claim  
 Thy own are able to preservethy Name;  
 This Province all is Thine, over which in vain  
*Octavius* hover'd long and sought to Reign.  
 This Sun prevail'd upon his Eagle's light,  
 Glard in their Royal Eyes, and stop'd their flight.  
 Let Him his Title to such Glory bring,  
 You give as freely, and more nobly sing.  
 Reason will judge, when both their Claims produce,  
 He shall his Empire boast, and Thou the Muse.  
*Horace* and He, are in thy Nature join'd,  
 The Patron's Bounty with the Poet's Mind.  
 O Light of *England*, and her highest Grace,  
 Thou best and greatest of thy ancient Race!  
 Descend, when I invoke thy Name to shine;  
 (For 'tis thy praise) on each unworthy Line.  
 While to the World unprejudic'd, I tell  
 Our *English* Poets, and who most excel.  
 Thee with the foremost thro' the Globe I send  
 Far as the *British* Arms or Memory extend.  
 But 'twould be vain and tedious to rehearse  
 The meaner Crowd undignify'd for Verse.  
 On barren Ground who drag th' unwilling Plow,  
 And feel the sweat of Brain as well as Brow.  
 Yet since in Verse they cover to be known,  
 Nor feel the biting Sate in their own.  
 Since in the Front th' Intruders will appear  
 And leave the noblest Poets in the rear.  
 With common Shoulders, let their Names be curst,  
 Plac'd foremost, only to be slain the first.

To

To save the Valiant from too quick a Fate;  
 Whose Silken Threads are spun for longer Date.  
 Whose Names in Brass, or Iron plough'd, shall brave  
 Oblivion, and th' inexorable Grave.  
 While that vile Crew, which soon as read, displease,  
 May slumber in Forgetfulness and Ease,  
 Till fresher dullness wakes their sleeping Memories.

Some stuff'd in Garrets dream for wicked Rhyme,  
 Where nothing but their Lodging is sublime,  
 Observe their twenty Faces, how they strain  
 To void forth Nonsense from their costive Brains.  
 O'er *Darby-Ale* maliciously they sit,  
 And, mellow, rail at VWoman, or at VVit.  
 The vainest labour to secure renown,  
 Tho' each could be a *Pt-t-t-s*, or a *B-r-r-r*.  
 VWho in Burlesque, Mob-Poets have out-ran;  
 But what's a dapper Pigmy to a Man?  
 Lampoon and Satyr different skill betray,  
 Much as nice Fencing, and *Bear-Garden-Play*.  
 The Satyr's push is Artful and Polite;  
 You must a pointed *Hudibras* indite,  
 A *Fleckno*, or a Dispensary write.  
 Like polish'd Steel, they glitter; while the worst  
 Must in Dishonour and Oblivion rust.  
 Tho' D--y may grow troublesome to Fame,  
 Resolv'd to be Immortal to his Shame;  
 Let him with *Quixots* cloy the sated Town,  
 And cram *Jack Straws*, and *Massanello's* Down  
 In Comedy Immodest, and Prophane,  
 And Comick only in the Tragick strain,  
 Impertinent, indecent, hardned, vain.  
 The tickl'd Rabble view him with surprize,  
 The Phantom dazles their deluded Eyes.  
 Unable the Judicious to perswade,  
 They know his Essence, and despise his Shade.

Nor can we Ry--r's Memory forget,  
 VWho only wants good Nature and good VVit.  
 A more than *Scythian* Heart, that could presume  
 To bite the Dead, and vex the peaceful Tomb.

C VWho

Who talk'd to *Shakespear* in Heroick Tone  
 Where lay a Genius; and produc'd his own.  
 As *Edgar* with *Othello* could be read,  
 And *Tom Trani's* Story vy'd with *Holingshead*.  
 But how could *Wesley* in Heroick Dream,  
 When N---by stood by, and Christ's his Theme?

*Normandy*

That Patron might encourage him to sing,  
 But sure the Saviour clip'd his darling Wing.  
 Expound his Doctrine, not his Life Expose,  
 Desist from *Epick*, and exhort in Prose.  
 Next *Milton* suffers under Fortunes Curse,  
 Unhappy in his Judgment, and his Verse:  
 Art will no Succour to the Critick bring,  
 And Nature thwarts him, when he aims to sing.  
 Cautiously resolute the Heat to shun,  
 He clap'd his Waxen Wings, and dar'd the Sun  
 Like *Icarus*; but fell not from the Skies;  
 For he was prudent, and refus'd to rise.

Go, ply *Aquinas*, and his Words maintain,  
 There in Divisions and Distinctions Reign.  
 Or if in Nobler Sense you would succeed,  
 Herculean *Stills*, fleet, and S---ck read.

*Shorlock*

*Baillie*

Unwearied B---y's Sense and Learning use  
 To wound the *Atheist*, and the *Deist* bruise.

*Shower*

*Rackliff*

Things should be suited to their proper Tribe,  
 Leave S---er to plead, and R---ffe to prescribe.

Let *Arthur's* Critick on our *Virgil* sit,  
 And *Covent-Garden* be the Judge of Wit.

*Collier*

But, if you find a Thirst of being known  
 A Critick, in no Language but your own:

Then let the Poets a new C---er feel,  
 Correct with Knowledge, and Reprove with Zeal.

*Mott*

Say now, whom next wilt thou, *Aonian Muse*  
 Place in this Throng? place boldly next M---x.

Delighting to be heard, as well as read,  
 He hums, and languishes with Hands and Head.

Ne'er destitute of Friends, (tho' all be gone)  
 Like *Scipio*, the best Company alone.

But then, like Sullen *Timon*, he's betray'd  
 To that dull Solitude himself has made.



His soaring Muse might sometimes reach the Skies,  
Did she not prate, and flutter as the flies.

And who can with his Poetry dispence,  
Who joins *French* Vanity with *English* Sense?

Shall we now tell, how Beaus and Ladies write,  
Beaus for Instruction, Ladies for Delight?

Who daily flock at *Will's* to be inspir'd,  
Who at the *Rose* with generous Wine are fir'd?

Where the poor Muse pays Reck'nings with a Line,  
And Barters her Divinity for Wine.

How Holy *G—n* in mistaken Youth,  
VVas led by *T—on* the way to Truth.

How he a Christian, and a VVit became,

How *Blount*, and *Phaeton* at once Proclaim

His Muse, and his Religion, are the same?

How some, like *D—ff*, with much ease Indite,

VVhile others with much pain, like *S—tle*, VVrite,

VVho, when they've Murder'd so much costly Time,

Beat the vext Anvil with continual Chime,

And labour'd hard to Hammer Statutable Rhyme.

Create a \* *British* Prince, as hard a Task,

\* *Howard's B.P.*

As might a *Cowley*, or a *Milton* ask

To build a Poem of the vastest price,

A *Dauides*, or a *lost Paradise*.

So, tho' a Beauty of Imperial Mien,

May labour with a Heroe, or a Queen,

The *Dowdie's* Off-spring of the freckl'd strain,

Shall cause like Travail, and as great a Pain,

Such to the Rabble shall appear inspir'd,

By Coxcombs env'y'd, and by Fools admir'd.

Such we except, with those who make pretence,

Studious of Fame, but negligent of Sense.

VVe pity Madmen who attempt to fly,

And raise their Airy *Babel* to the Sky.

VVho arm'd with Gabble to create a Name,

Design a Beauty, and a Monster frame.

Not so the Seat of *Phæbus* rose, which lay

In Ruinsburied, and a long decay.

To *Britany* the Temple was convey'd

By Nature's utmost force, and more than Human Aid.

Built

*Gildon*  
*Di Holson*

*Pottle*

Built from its Basis by a Noble Few,  
 The stately Fabrick in perfection view.  
 While Nature gazes on the polish'd Piece,  
 The Work of many rowling Centuries,  
 For joyn'd with Art, she labour'd long to raise  
 An *English* Poet meriting the Bays.  
 How vain a Toil ! for Authors first were known  
 For *Greek* and *Latin* Tongues, but scorn'd their own.  
 As *Moors* of old, near *Guinea's* precious Shore,  
 For glittering Brass exchange'd their shining Ore.  
 Involving Darkness did our Language shroud,  
 Nor could we view the Goddess thro' the Cloud.  
 Sunk in a Sea of Ignorance we lay,  
 Till *Chaucer* rose, and pointed out the Day.  
 A Joking Bard, whose Antiquated Muse,  
 In mouldy Words could solid Sense produce.  
 Our *English* *Ennius* He, who claim'd his part  
 In wealthy Nature, tho' unskill'd in Art.  
 The sparkling Diamond on his Dung-hill shines,  
 And Golden Fragments glitter in his Lines.  
 Which *Spencer* gather'd, for his Learning known,  
 And by successful Gleanings made his own.  
 So careful Bees, on a fair Summers Day,  
 Humo'er the Flowers, and suck the Sweets away.  
 Of *Gloriana*, and her Knights he sung,  
 Of Beasts, which from his pregnant Fancy sprung.  
 O had thy Poet, *Britany*, rely'd  
 On Native Strength, and Foreign Aid deny'd,  
 Had not wild Fairies blasted his design,  
*Meonides* and *Virgil* had been Thine !  
 Their finish'd Poems he exactly view'd,  
 But *Chaucer's* Steps Religiously pursu'd.  
 He cull'd and pick'd, and thought it greater praise,  
 T' adore his Master, than improve his Phrase.  
 'Twas counted Sin to deviate from his Page;  
 So Sacred was th' Authority of Age !  
 The Coin must sure for currant Sterling pass,  
 Stamp'd with old *Chaucer's* Venerable Face.  
 But *Johnson* found it of a gross Allay,  
 Melted it down, and flung the Scum away.

He

He dug pure Silver from a *Roman* Mine,  
 And prest his Sacred Image on the Coin.  
 We all rejoic'd to see the pillag'd Ore;  
 Our Tongue enrich'd, which was so poor before.  
 Fear not, Learn'd Poet, our impartial blame,  
 Such Thefts as these add lustre to thy Name.  
 Whether thy labour'd Comedies betray  
 The Sweat of *Terence*, in thy glorious way:  
 Or *Catiline* plots better in thy Play.  
 Whether his Crimes more excellently shine,  
 Whether we hear the Consul's Voice Divine,  
 And doubt which merits most, *Rome's Cicero*, or *Thine*.  
 All yield, consenting to sustain the Yoke,  
 And learn the Language which the Victor spoke.  
 So *Macedon's* Imperial Heroe threw  
 His Wings abroad, and Conquer'd as he flew.  
 Great *Johnson's* Deeds stand Parallel with His,  
 Are Noble Thefts, successful Piracies.  
 Souls of a Heroe's, or a Poet's frame  
 Are fill'd with larger Particles of flame.  
 Scorning Confinement, for more Lands they grone,  
 And stretch beyond the Limits of their own.  
*Fletcher*, whose Wit, like some Luxuriant Vine,  
 Profusely wanton'd in each Golden Line:  
 Who, prodigal of Sense, by *Bremont's* care,  
 Was prun'd so wisely, and became so fair:  
 Could from his copious Brain new Humours bring,  
 A bragging *Bessus*, or inconstant King.  
 Could Laughter now, now melting Pity raise  
 In his *Amyntor's* and *Aspasia's*.  
 But *Rome* and *Athens* must the Plots produce,  
 With *France*, the Handmaid of the *English* Muse.  
 Ev'n *Shakespear* sweated in his narrow Isle,  
 And Subject *Italy* obey'd his Style.  
*Boccace* and *Cymbrio* must a Tribute pay  
 To enrich his Scenes, and furnish out a Play.  
 Tho' Art ne'er taught him how to write by Rules,  
 Or borrow Learning from *Athenian* Schools:  
 Yet He with *Plautus* could instruct and please,  
 And what requir'd long toil, perform with ease.



By Native Strength to *Theseus* bent the Pine,  
Which cost the Robber many years Design.

Tho' sometimes Rude, Unpolish'd and Undress'd  
His Sentence flows more careless than the rest,  
But when his Muse complying with his Will,  
Deigns with informing heat his Breast to fill,  
Then hear him Thunder in the pompous strain  
Of *Aeschylus*, or sooth in *Ovid's* Vein.

Then in his Artless Tragedies I see,  
What Nature seldom gives, Propriety.

I feel a Pity working in my Eyes

When *Desdemona* by her Husband dies.

When I view *Brutus* in his Dress appear,

I know not how to call him too severe.

His rigid Vertue There atones for all,

And makes a Sacrifice of *Cesar's* Fall.

Nature wrought Wonders then; when *Shakespear* dy'd

Her dearest *Cowley* rose, dress'd in her gaudy Pride.

So from great Ruines a new Life she calls,

And builds an *Ovid*, when a *Tully* falls.

With what delight he tunes his Silver strings,

And *David's* toils; in *David's* numbers sings.

Hark! how he Murmurs to the Fields and Groves

Her Rural Pleasures; and his Various Loves.

Yet every Line's so innocent and clear,

Hermits may read them to a Virgin's Ear.

The radiant Godhead in the Bush he found;

Fearless he saw, and trod the hallow'd Ground.

Then her soft Lute Converted *Clio* strung,

While modestly the mingled *Graces* sung.

Unstol'n *Promethean* Fire informs his Song;

Rich is his Fancy, his Invention strong.

His Wit, unfathom'd, has a fresh supply,

Is always flowing out, but never dry.

Sure the profuseness of a boundless Thought,

And lavish'd Wit was ne'er allow'd a Fault.

A Spirit, that is unconfin'd and free,

Should hurry forward like the VVind or Sea,

Which

VWhich laughs at Laws and Shackles, when a vain  
Presuming *Xerxes* shall pretend to Reign,  
And on the fliting Air impose his pond'rous Chain.

If you who read him well, should chance to find  
His Phrase too mean t' exprefs his lofty mind,  
His Turn too numerous, or too harsh his Rhyme,  
Impute it to his Years, and Fortune's Crime.  
He stood afar, and view'd the Promis'd Land;  
But perish'd e'er he touch'd the Sacred Strand.  
Thro' what Tempestuous *Fo'rtunes* was he hurl'd!  
What Troubles, which alarm'd all the World,  
Frighted the Muses! nor was he inclin'd  
To throw important Minutes to the Wind.  
There let such Drudges study, who are paid,  
Verse was his Recreation, not his Trade.  
*Immortal Cowley!* who alone could dare  
With Wings well balanc'd tempt th' unbounded Air:  
Who to his Lyre *Pindarick* Strains could call,  
Nor fear'd the danger of a threatned Fall.  
O had He liv'd to *Waller's* Reverend Age,  
Better'd his Measures, and Reform'd his Page!  
Then *Britain's* Isle might raise her Trophies high,  
And solid *Rome*, or witty *Greece* out-vy.  
The *Rhine*, the *Tyber*, and *Parisian* *Seyne*,  
When e'er they pay their Tribute to the Main  
Should no kind Name more gratefully rehearse,  
Than lofty *Cowley's* never dying Verse.  
The *Thames* should sweep her Briny Way before,  
And with his Fame salute each distant Shore.  
Then He, like Glorious *Milton*, had been known  
To Lands, which Conquest has insur'd our own.  
*Milton!* whose Muse kisses th' Embroider'd Skies,  
VWhile Earth below grows little as the flies.  
Thro' trackless Air she bends her winding flight,  
Far as the Confines of retreating Light.  
Tells the Sindh'd *Moors*, how Scepter'd Death began  
His lengthning Empire o'er offending Man.  
Unteaches Conquer'd Nations to Rebel,  
By Singing how their Stubborn Parents fell.

Now

Now Seraphs Crown'd with Helmets I behold,  
 Helmets of substance more refin'd than Gold.  
 The Skies with an united Lustre shine,  
 And Face to Face th' Immortal Armies join.  
 God's plated Son, Majestically gay,  
 Urges's Chariot thro' the Chrystal way;  
 Breaks down their Ranks, and Thunders as he flies;  
 Arms in his Hands, and Terror in his Eyes.  
 O'er Heav'n's wide Arch the routed Squadrons rore,  
 And transfix'd Angels groan upon the Diamond Floor.  
 Then, wheeling from *Olympus* Snowy top,  
 Thro' redned Air the giddy Leaders drop  
 Down to th' Abyss of their allotted Hell,  
 And gaze on the lost Sky from whence they fell.

I see the Fiend, who, tumbl'd from his Sphere,  
 Once by the Victor God, begins to fear  
 New Lightning, and a second Thunderer.  
 I hear him yell, and argue with the Skies;  
 Wast not enough, Relentless Power, he cries,  
 Despair of better State, and loss of Light  
 Irreparable? was not loathsome Night,  
 And ever during dark, sufficient pain,  
 But Man must Triumph by our Fall, and Reign  
 To register the Fate which we sustain?  
 Hence Hell is doubly Seal'd: Almighty Name,  
 Hence after Thine we feel the Poet's flame,  
 And in Immortal Song renew reviving Shame.

O Soul Seraphick, teach us how we may  
 Thy Praise adapted to thy worth display:  
 For who can Merit more? or who enough can pay?  
 Earth was unworthy thy aspiring view,  
 Sublimier Objects were reserv'd for you.  
 Thence nothing mean obtrudes on thy design,  
 Thy Style is equal to thy Theme Divine,  
 All Heavenly great, and more than Masculine.  
 Tho' neither Vernal Bloom, nor Summer's Rose  
 Their opening Beauties could to Thee disclose:  
 Tho' Nature's curious Characters which we  
 Exactly view, were all eras'd to Thee.

Yet



Yet Heav'n stood Witnes to thy piercing Sight;  
 Below was Darknes, but Above was Light.  
 Thy Soul was Brightness all; nor could he stay  
 In lower Night, and such a want of Day:  
 But wing'd aloft, from sordid Earth retires  
 To higher Glory, and his kindred Fires;  
 Like an unhooded Hawk, who loose to prey,  
 With open Eyes pursues the Ætherial way.  
 There, happy Soul, assume thy destin'd place,  
 And in yon Sphere begin thy glorious race:  
 That Sphere, which *Lucifer* did once Disgrace;  
 Or, if amongst the Laurell'd Heads there be,  
 A Mansion in the Sky reserv'd for Thee;  
 There, Ruler of thy Orb, aloft appear,  
 And rowl with *Homer* in the brightest Sphere:  
 To whom *Calliope* has joyn'd thy Name,  
 And recompenc'd thy Fortunes with his Fante:  
 Tho' she (forgive our freedom!) sometimes flows;  
 In Lines too rugged, and a-kin to Prose.  
 When Scope is granted to your Speech and Thought,  
 Verse with a lively smoothness should be Wrote.  
 Like some fair Planet thy Majestick Song,  
 Should move with ease and Sparkle as it rowl'd along.  
 Like *Waller's* Muse, who, though inchain'd by Rhymes,  
 Taught Wondring Poets to keep even Chime.  
 Harmonious *Waller's* praise inflames my Breast,  
*Waller*, more sweet and Courtly than the rest  
 Of Poets, no unmanly Turns pursues,  
 Rash Errors of an injudicious Muse.  
 Such Wit, like Lightning, for a while looks gay,  
 Just gilds the place, and vanishes away.  
 In one continued blaze he upwards sprung,  
 Like those Seraphick Flames of which he Sung.  
 If, *Cromwell*, he laments thy mighty Fall,  
 Nature attending Weeps at the great Funeral.  
 Or if his Muse with joyful Triumph brings,  
 The Monarch to his ancient Throne; or Sings  
*Batavians* worsted, on the Conquer'd Main,  
 Fleets flying, and Advent'rous *Opdam* Slain;  
 Then

Then Rome and ~~the~~ <sup>his</sup> Song repair,  
 With British Graces smiling on his care,  
 Divinely Charming in a Dress so fair,  
 As Squadrons in well-Marshal'd Order fill,  
 The Flandrian Plains, and speak no vulgar Skill;  
 So rank'd is every line, each Sentence such,  
 No Word is wanting, and no Word's too much.  
 As Pearls in Gold with their own lustre shine,  
 The Substance precious, and the Work Divine,  
 So did his Words his beauteous Thoughts enchain,  
 Both shone and sparkled with unborrow'd Grace,  
 A mighty value in a little space.  
 So the *Venusian Chio* sung of Old,  
 When lofty acts in well-chose Phrase she told.  
 But Rome's aspiring *Cyric* mov'd us less,  
 Sung not so moving, tho' with more success.  
 O *Sacharissa*, what could steel thy breast,  
 To rob the charming *Waller* of his rest?  
 To send him murmuring through the *Cypress Grove*,  
 In stragling lament his Neglected Love.  
 The attentive Forest did his Grief partake,  
 And Sympathizing Oaks their knotted Branches shake.  
 Each Nymph, tho' coy, to pity would incline,  
 And every *Stubborn Heart* was mov'd but Thine.  
 Hence forth be thou to future Ages known,  
 Like *Niobe*, a Monument of Stone.  
 Here could I dwell, like Bees on flowry Dew,  
 And *Waller's* praise eternally pursue,  
 Could I like Him, in Harmony excell,  
 So sweetly tune the Lute, and sing so well.  
 But now my hasty Muse converts her Eye,  
 To see where *Danbush* and *Roscommon* fly,  
 Cautiously daring and correctly high,  
 Both chief in Honour, and in Learnings Grace,  
 Of ancient Spirit, and of ancient race.  
 Who, when withdrawn from business and affairs,  
 Their Minds unladen of tormenting cares,  
 With thoughts of Verse decur'd the *Idling time*,  
 And unrewarded sing in Noble Rhyme.

Then

E

Nor

Not like those venal Bards, who write for Pence,  
 Above the Vulgar were their Names and Sense:  
 The Critick judges while the Muse indites,  
 And Rules for Dryden, like a Dryden Writes.  
 'Tis true their Lamps were of the smallest size,  
 But like the Stoicks of prodigious price.  
 Roscommon's Rules shall o'er our Isle be read,  
 Nor dye, till Poetry it self be Dead.  
 Fam'd Cooper's Hill, shall like Parnassus stand,  
 And Denham Reign the Phœbus of the Land.  
 As long as Silver Thames shall flow, and joyn,  
 His blended Waters with the foamy Brine:  
 While his pure Stream is so divinely Sung,  
 Be Thou, Great Poet, Father of our Tongue.  
 Among these sacred and immortal Names,  
 A Youth glares out, and his just honour Claims.  
 See, Circling Fires, instead of Laurel, play  
 Around his Head, and Sun the brighten'd way.  
 But misty Clouds of unexpected Night,  
 Cast their black Mantle o'er th' immoderate Light.  
 In her moist Grave the fainting Days oppress,  
 And Oldham lies extinguish'd in his West.  
 Here, pious Muse, lament a while, tis just  
 We pay some Tribute to his Sacred Dust.  
 O'er his fresh Marble strow the fading Rose  
 And Lily, for his Youth resembled those.  
 The brooding Sun took care to dress him gay,  
 In all the Trappings of the flowry May.  
 He set him out unsufferably bright,  
 And sow'd in every part his Beamy Light.  
 Th' unfinish'd Poet budded forth too soon,  
 For what the Morning warm'd, was scorcht at Noon.  
 Did not the Laws of Fate so hard appear,  
 To thriving Youth unseasonably severe,  
 What prodigies, what wonders had we seen,  
 In his late Autumn, when a Muse so green  
 Could Homer praise, and Johnson's happy toil,  
 While Horace ripen'd in the British soil.  
 His careless Lines plain Nature's Rules obey,  
 Like Satyrs, rough; but not deform'd as they.

His



His Sense undrest, like *Adam*, free from blame,  
 VVithout his Cloathing, and without his shame.  
 True VVit requires no Ornaments of Skill,  
 A Beauty Naked, is a Beauty Still.  
 Heated with rage, he lash'd the Romish Crimes,  
 In rugged Satyr, and ill-sounding Rhymes.  
 All *Italy* fear'd his imbitter'd Tongue,  
 And trembled less when sharp *Lucilius* stung.

Here let us pass in Silence, nor accuse,  
 Th' extravagance of his unhallow'd Muse.  
 In *Jordan's* Stream she wash'd the tainted Sore,  
 And rose more beauteous than she was before.  
 Then Fancy curb'd, began to lose her Rage,  
 And *Spark's* of Judgment glimmer'd in his page.  
 VVhen the wild Fury did his breast inspire,  
 She rav'd, and set the Little VVorld on Fire.  
 Thus *L—gb* by Reason strove not to controul,  
 The Powerful heat, which o'er-inform'd his Soul.  
 He took his Swinge, and Nature's bounds surpast,  
 Stretch'd her, and bent her, till she broke at last.  
 VVe scorn to Flatter, or the Dead defame;  
 But who will call a blaze a Lambent Flame?  
 Terror and Pity are allow'd to be,  
 The moving parts of Tragick Poetry.  
 If Pity sooths us, *Otway* claims our praise;  
 If Terror strikes, then *L—gb* deserves the Bays.  
 VVe grant a Genius shines in *Jaffier's* part,  
 And *Roman Brutus* speaks a Master's Art.  
 But still we often Mourn to see their Phrase,  
 An Earthly Vapour, or a Mounting blaze.  
 A rising Meteor never was design'd,  
 T' amaze the sober part of Human kind.  
 Were I to write for Fame, I would not chuse  
 A prostitute and mercenary Muse.  
 VVhich for poor gains, must in rich Trappings go,  
 Emptily gay, magnificently low,  
 Like ancient *Rome's* Religion, Sacrifice and show.  
 Things fashion'd for Amusement and surprize,  
 Ne're move the Head, though they divert the Eyes.

The mouthing Actor's well-dissembled Rage,  
 May strike the young Sir *Foplings*, on the Stage:  
 But, disingag'd, the swelling Phrase I find,  
 Like *Spencer's* Gyant, sunk away in Wind.  
 It grates judicious Readers, when they meet,  
 Nothing but jingling Verse, and even feet:  
 Such false, such counterfeited Wings as these,  
 Forsake th' unguided Boy, and plunge him in the Seas.  
 L-gh aim'd to rise above great Dr--n's height,  
 But lofty Dr--n kept a steady flight.  
 Like *Dædalus*, he times with prudent care  
 His well-wax'd Wings, and waves in Middle-Air.  
 Crown'd with the sacred Snow of reverend Years,  
 Dr--n above th' ignobler Crowd appears.  
 Raises his laurell'd Head, and, as he goes  
 O'er-shoulders all, and like *Apollo* shows.  
 The native Spark, which first advanc'd his Name,  
 By industry he kindled to a flame.  
 Then to a different Coast his Judgment flew,  
 He left th' Old World behind, and found a New.  
 On the strong Columns of his lasting Wit,  
 Instructive Dr--n built, and peopled it.  
 In every Page Delight, and Profit shines;  
 Immortal Sense flows in his mighty Lines.  
 His Images so strong and lively be,  
 I hear not Words alone, but Substance see.  
 The proper Phrase of our exalted Tongue  
 To such perfection from his Numbers sprung.  
 His Tropes continu'd, and his Figures fine,  
 All of a piece throughout, and all Divine.  
 Adapted Words and sweet Expressions move  
 Our various passions, Pity, Rage and Love.  
 I weep to hear fond *Anthony* complain  
 In *Sh--r's* fancy, but in *Virgil's* strain.  
 Tho' for the Comick, others we prefer,  
 Himself the Judge: nor does his Judgment err.  
 But Comedy, 'tis thought, can never claim  
 The sounding Title of a Poem's name.  
 For Railery, and what creates a smile,  
 Betrays no lofty Genius, nor a Style.

F

That

That heav'nly heat refuses to be seen  
 In a Town-Character, and Comick Mein.  
 If we would do him right, we must produce  
 The Sophoclean Buskin; when his Muse  
 With her loud Accents fill'd the Listening Ear,  
 And Peals applauding shook the Theatre.

They fondly seek, Great Name, to blast thy Praise;  
 Who think that Foreign-banks produc'd thy Bays.  
 Is he oblig'd to *France*, who draws from thence  
 By English energy, their captive sense?  
 Tho' *Edward*, and fam'd *Henry* war'd in vain,  
 Subduing what they could not long retain;  
 Yet now beyond our Arms, the Muse prevails,  
 And Poets conquer, when the Heroe fails.

This does superiour Excellence betray:  
 O could I write in thy immortal way!  
 If Art be Nature's Scholar, and can make  
 Such great improvements, Nature must forsake  
 Her ancient Style; and in some grand Design,  
 She must her own Originals decline,  
 And for the noblest Copies, follow Thine.  
 This all the World must offer to thy praise,  
 And this *Thalia* sang in rural lays.

As sleep to weary Drovers on the Plain,  
 As a sweet River to a thirsty Swain;  
 Such Divine Dr—n's charming Verses show,  
 Please like the River, like the River flow.  
 When his first years in mighty order ran,  
 And cradled Infancy bespoke the Man,  
 Around his Lips the waxen Artists hung,  
 And breath'd Ambrosial Odours as they sung.  
 In yellow Clusters from their Hives they flew,  
 And on his Tongue distill'd eternal Due:  
 Thence from his Mouth harmonious Numbers broke,  
 More sweet than Honey from the knotted Oke.  
 More smooth than streams, that from a Mountain glide,  
 Yet lofty as the Top, from whence they slide.

Long he possess'd th' Hereditary Plains,  
 Belov'd by all the Herdsmen, and the Swains,



Till he resign'd his Flock, oppress'd with fears,  
 And olden'd in his woe, as well as fears.  
 Yet still, like *Ætna's Mount*, he kept his Fire;  
 And look'd, like beauteous *Roses* on a Brier:  
 He smil'd, like *Phœbus* in a stormy Morn,  
 And sung, like *Philomel* against a Thorn.

Here, Syren of sweet Poesy, receive  
 That little praise, my unknown Muse can give.  
 Be Thou immortal, nor harsh censure fear,  
 Tho' angry *Bl--re* in Heroicks jeer.

A Bard, who seems to challenge *Virgil's* flame,  
 And next in height, would be the next in name.  
 With lofty *Maro* he at first may please:  
 The Generous *Britain* rises by degrees;  
 But once on Wing, through secret paths he rows,  
 And losing *Virgil's* sight, in a main Ocean flows.  
 Then seeks his Pilot through the boundless Sky,  
 And sometimes soars too eager and too high.  
 The *Mantuan* Bird keeps a soft gentle flight,  
 Is always lofty, and still plays in sight.  
 Calm and serene his Verse, his active Song  
 Runs smooth as *Thames's* River, and as strong.  
 Like his own *Neptune*, he commands the Waves;  
 Like *Æolus*, high *Bl--re* sometimes raves.  
 We grant he labours with no want of Brains,  
 Or Fire, or Spirit; but he spares the pains.  
 One happy Thought, or two, may at a heat  
 Be struck; but Time and Study must compleat  
 A Verse, sublimely good, and justly great.  
 It call'd for an Omnipotence, to raise  
 The World's imperial Poem in Six Days.  
 But Man, that off-spring of corrupting Clay,  
 Subject to err, and subject to decay,  
 In hopes, desires, will, power, (a numerous Train)  
 Uncertain, fickle, impotent and vain,  
 Must tire the Heavenly Muse, with endless Prayer,  
 And call the smiling Angels to his care:  
 Must sleepless Nights, *Vulcanian* Labours prove;  
 Like *Cyclops*, forging Thunder for a Jove.

Wich

With flame begin thy glorious Thoughts and Style;  
 Then cool, and bring them to the smoothing File;  
 If you design to make your Prince appear  
 As perfect, as Humanity can bear;  
 Whom Vertues at th' expence of danger please,  
 Deaf to the Syrens of alluring ease,  
 No Terrours Thee, *Achilles*, could invade,  
 Nor Thee, *Ulysses*, any charms persuade.  
 This must be done, if Poets would be read,  
 Who seek to æmulate the Sacred Dead.

This *Congreve* follows in his deathless Line,  
 And the tenth hand is put to the Design.  
 The happy boldness in his finish'd toil,  
 Smells more than *Sh--r's* Wit, or *J--n's* Oil.  
 Sing, sing, harmonious Swan, in weeping Strains;  
 And tell *Pastora's* Death to mournful Swains:  
 Or with more pleasing Charms, with softer Airs,  
 Sweeten our Passions, and delude our Cares.  
 To Noble D--t bear thy Lyrick Song,  
 D--t, round whom the crouding Muses throng;  
 Or let thy Satyr grin with half a smile,  
 And jeer in easie *Eth--ge's* style.  
 Let manly *W--ly* chalk out the way,  
 While Art directs where Nature goes astray.  
 'Tis not for Thee to write of conquering Kings,  
 The noise of Arms will break thy Peaceful Strings.  
 The *Teian* Muse invites Thee from above,  
 To lay thy Trumpet down, and sing of Love.  
 Let *M--gue* describe *Boyne's* swelling Flood,  
 And purple Fields fatned with hostile Blood.  
 O Heav'nly Patron of the needy Muse,  
 Whose powerful Name can nobler heat infuse.  
 When you *Nassaw's* bright Actions dar'd to see,  
 You were the *Eagle*, and *Apollo* He.  
 But when he read Thee, and Thy Value knew,  
 He was the *Eagle*, and *Apollo* You.  
 Both spoke the Bird in her æthereal height,  
 The Majesty was His, and Thine the Flight.  
 Both did *Apollo* in his Glory show:  
 The Silver Harp was Thine, and His the Bow.

So may *Pierian Clio* cease to fear,  
 When Honour deigns to Sing, and Majesty to hear!  
 So may she favour'd live, and ever please  
 Our D—s, and judicious N—bys!  
 Nor does the Coronet alone defend  
 The Muse's cause; the Mitre is her Friend.  
 Can we forget how *Damon's* lofty Tongue,  
 Shook the glad Mountains, how the Valleys rung,  
 When *Rocheſter's* Seraphick Shepherd Sung?  
 How *Mars* and *Pallas* wept to ſee the Day,  
 When *Athens* by a Plague diſpeopled lay.  
 What Learning periſh'd, and what Lives it coſt!  
 Sung with more Spirit than all *Athens* loſt!  
 Nor can the Mitre now conceal the Bays;  
 For ſtill we view the Sacred Poets praiſe.  
 So, though *Eridanus* becomes a Star,  
 Exalted to the Skies, and ſhines aſar:  
 Below he loſes nothing but his Name,  
 Still faithful to his Banks, his Stream's the ſame.

But Smile, my Muſe, once more upon my Song,  
 Let *Creech* be numbred with the Sacred Throng.  
 Whoſe daring Soul could with *Manilius* fly,  
 And, like an Atlas, Shoulder up the Sky.  
 He's mounted, where no vulgar Eye can Trace,  
 His wondrous Footſteps, and myſterious Race.  
 See, how he Walks above in mighty ſtrains,  
 And wanders o'er the wide *Etherial* plains!  
 He Sings what Harmony the Spheres obey,  
 In Verſe more Tuneful, and more ſweet than they.

'Tis cauſe of Triumph when *Rome's* Genius ſhines,  
 In Nervous *Engliſh*, and well Worded Lines.  
 Two famous Latins our bright Tongue adorn,  
 And a new *Virgil* is in *England* Born.  
 An *Aeneid* to Tranſlate, and make a New,  
 Are Tasks of equal Labour to purſue.  
 For tho' th' Invention of a God-like Mind,  
 Excells the Works of Nature and Mankind.  
 Yet a well Languag'd Verſion will require  
 An equal Genius, and as ſtrong a Fire.



These claim at once our Study and our praise;  
 Fam'd for the Dignity of Sense and Phrase.  
 These are thy Eagles, *England*, who alone  
 Soar high, and talk in an Imperial Tone,  
 Who bear not *Jove's* loud Thunder, but their own.  
 Hail Glorious Titles, who have been my Theme!  
 O could I Write so well as I esteem!  
 From her low Nest, my humble Soul should rise;  
 As a Young Phoenix out of Ashes flies.  
 Above what *France* or *Italy* can show,  
 The Celebrated *Tasso*, or *Boileau*.

Come, come, who e're thou art that seek'st to find,  
 Something to pleasure and instruct thy Mind.  
 If, when retir'd from business or from Men,  
 You love the study'd Travels of the Pen,  
 Imploy the Minutes of your Vacant time,  
 On C—y, or on Dr—n's Noble Rhyme.  
 For these, if well observ'd, can strictly shew,  
 In charming Numbers what is false, what true,  
 And Teach more good than *Hobbs* or *Locke* can do.

Hail ye Poetick Dead! who wander now  
 In Fields of Light; at your fair Shrines we bow.  
 Freed from the Malice of injurious Fate,  
 Ye blest partakers of a happier State.  
 Whether Intomb'd with *English* Kings you sleep,  
 Or common Urns your Sacred Ashes keep:  
 There, on each Dawning of the tender Day,  
 May chearful Birds their pious Offerings pay!  
 There may sweet Myrrh with balmy Tears perfume  
 The hallow'd ground, and Roses deck the Tomb!

But you who live, no cruel Tempest fear;  
 Sing on, let *Mo—gue* and *D—* hear.  
 In stately Verse let *William's* Praise be told,  
*William* rewards with Honour, and with Gold.  
 No more of *Richlieu's* worth; forget not, Fame,  
 To change *Augustus* for Great *William's* Name.  
 Who, (tho' like *Homer's* *Jupiter* he sate,  
 Musing on something eminently great,  
 And balanc'd in his Mind the World's important Fate)

Lays by the vast concern, and gladly hears,  
 The loud-sung Triumphs of his Warlike Years.  
 The Sleeping Dooms of Empires were delay'd,  
 And Fate stood silent while the Poet play'd.  
 The Double Vertue of *Nassavian* Fire,  
 At once the Soldier and the Muse inspire.  
 The Heroe list'n'd when the Thunder Rung  
 A fatal sound, or when the Harp was strung,  
 When *Mars* has acted, or when *Phœbus* Sung.

O could my Muse reach *M—r's* Towering flight,  
 Or stretch her Wings to the *Meonian* height!  
 Thro' Air, and Earth, and Seas, I would disperse  
 His Fame, and sing it in the loudest Verse.  
 The Murm'ring Waves to hear me should grow tame,  
 And Winds should calm a Tempest with his Name.  
 The Docil Birds should the loud Lesson bear,  
 To farthest East and West, thro' Liquid Air.  
 Then should they warble in a Tyrant's Ear,  
 And with sweet Notes instruct him whom to fear.

But we must all decline; the Muse grows dumb;  
 Not weary with his Praise but overcome.  
 Who shall describe him? or what Eye can trace,  
 The Martial Glories of his Princely Race?  
 What Prince can equal what no Muse can praise?  
 No Land but *Britain*, must pretend to shine  
 With Gods, and Heroes of an equal Line.  
 So may this Island a new *Delos* prove,  
 And joyn *Apollo* to the *Cretan* Jove.  
 What bloom! what youth! what hopes of future fame!  
 How his Eyes sparkle with a Heav'nly flame!  
 Like two mild Stars, his glorious Fate they show,  
 But on his Enemies like Comets glow.  
 How swiftly *Gloster* in his bud began!

How the green Heroe blossoms into Man!  
 Smit with the thirst of Fame, and Honour's Charms,  
 To tread his Uncle's Steps, and shine in Arms.  
 See how he Spurs and Rushes to the War!  
 Pale Legions view, and tremble from afar.  
 What Blood! what Ruin! Thrice unhappy they,  
 Who shall attempt him on that fatal Day!



Edwards and Harrys to his Eyes appear  
 In Warlike Forms, and shake the glittering Spear,  
 At Agincourt, so terrible they stood,  
 So, when *Picardian* Fields were dy'd with Blood,  
 The Royal Youth with Emulation glows,  
 And pours thick Vengeance on his gasty Foes,  
 Troops of Commendour Angels from the Sky,  
 Unseen, above him, and about him, fly.  
 O'er *England's* Hopes, their Flaming Swords they hold,  
 And Wave them, as o'er *Paradise* of Old.  
 Nor shall they cease a Nightly Watch to keep,  
 But, ever waking, bless him in his sleep.  
 Their Golden Wings for his *Paradise* spread,  
 Their softest Mantles for his Downy Bed,  
 Defend the Heroe, and protect his Head.

After whose Conquests, and the work of Fate,  
 The Arts, and Muses on his Triumph wait,  
 The Streams of *Thames*, exulting Ring,  
 VVhen fair *Augusta's* lofty Chime ring,  
*Granta*, and *Rheyna's* Tuneful Throng,  
 Fill the resounding Vales with Learned Song.  
 Live, Heav'nly Youth, beyond invidious Time,  
 To shine in Annals, and immortal Rhyme,  
 Thy Glories, which no Malice can obscure,  
 Bright as the Sun, shall, as the Sun endure.  
 But on thy Fame no envious spots shall Prey,  
 Till *English* Sense, and Valour shall decay.  
 Till Learning, and the Muses Mortal grow,  
 Or Cam, or Is, shall forget to flow.



How twixtly Glos in his bud began!  
 But on his Enemies like Comets  
 Like two mild Stars, his glories they show,  
 How his Eyes sparkle with a Heav'nly flame!

How the green Heroe blossoms into Man!  
 Smite with the thirst of Fame, and Honour's Charms,  
 To tread his Linck's steps, and shine in Arms.  
 See how he spurs and Rattles to the War!  
 Pale Regions view, what I know! I know unhappily they,  
 What Blood! what Ruin! I know unhappily they,  
 Who shall attempt him on that fatal Day!



